ARROW COMICS

DAY OF THE DEAD

DESERTION

Hutchinson
Keating
Zornow

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DESERTION

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SPECIAL THANKS TO
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THEY CAME AS THE NIGHT FELL, INVADING OUR HOMES AND FEEDING ON THE FLESH OF OUR FAMILIES.
WITHIN HOURS WE WERE OUTNUMBERED. THEY OCCUPIED THE PLACES WE ONCE PERCEIVED TO BE SHRINES -- WEARING OUR CLOTHES, WEARING OUR FACES.
THEY FORCED US INTO A WORLD WITHOUT RULES. A WORLD WITHOUT GOVERNMENT. A WORLD...
A WORLD WITHOUT LIES.

TO THE BEST OF OUR ABILITIES WE IGNORED IT AT FIRST...
LOST IN THE SAFETY NET OF ESTABLISHED ROUTINE...
OBSESSED BY ALL THE LITTLE THINGS...
THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MADE US HUMAN.

JAMIE'S SICK AGAIN.
HE NEEDS HIS FATHER.
JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE.
DADDY'S ON HIS WAY, BABY. HE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU NOW.
MOMMY LOVES YOU, BABY.
MOM?
BLAM!

SHELLEY!

WHAT DID SHE --

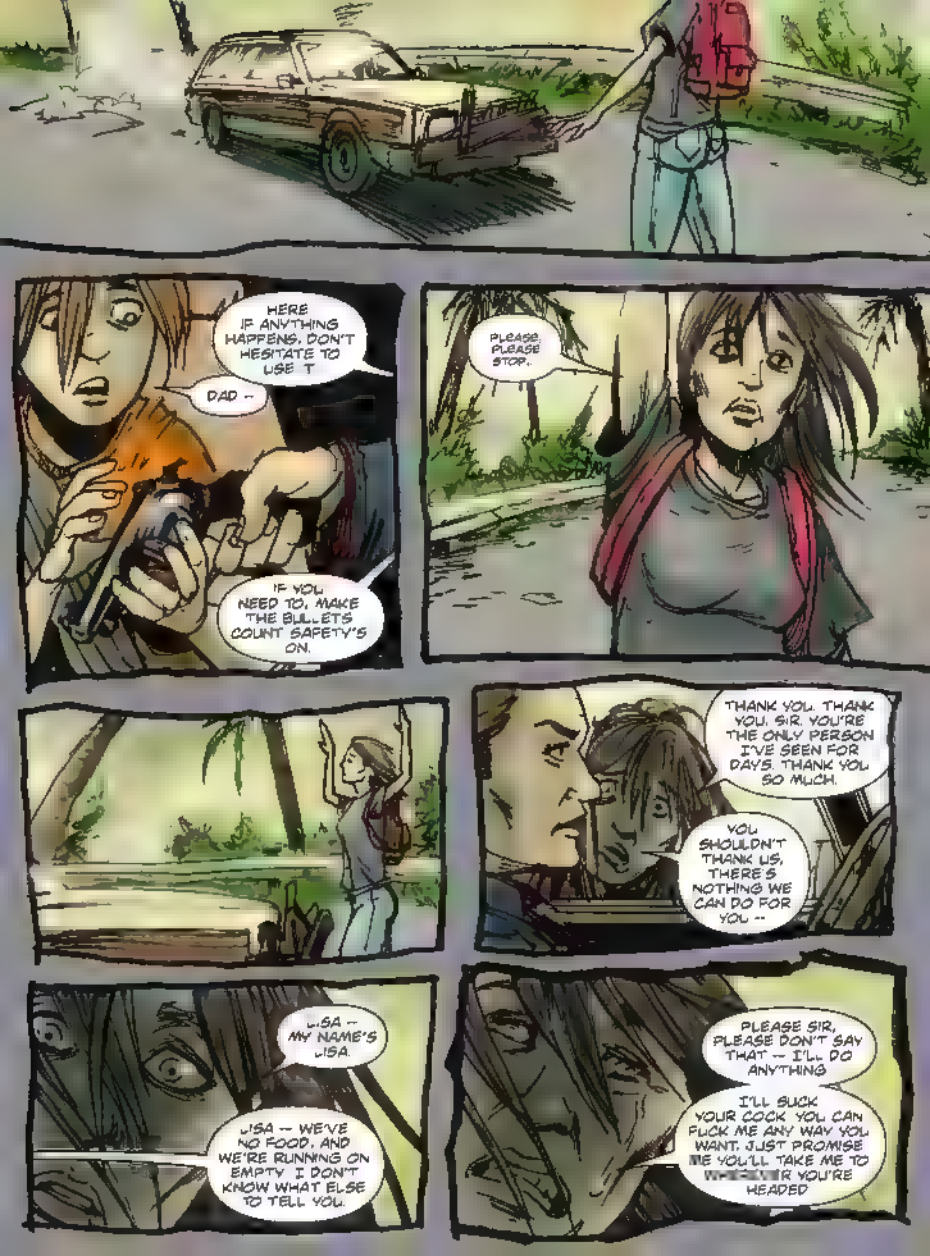
--

ZOMBIE 10
MUST BE DESTROYED

MOM --
JAMIE, DON'T LOOK AT HER --
MOM!!!
DON'T LOOK!!!

THE RETURN OF THESE CARICATURED, ROTTING FIGURES -- PERHAPS OF LOVED ONES, PERHAPS OF LOATHED ONES -- HAS SEEMINGLY RENDERED DEATH ITSELF IMPOTENT. THERE IS NO CLOSURE, NO IMPACT.
IN THOSE INSTANCES WHERE AN INDIVIDUAL IS PREVENTED FROM RETURNING, EITHER BY CREMATION OR BY REMOVING THE BRAIN, DEATH MAY STILL CARRY WITH IT A CERTAIN WEIGHT. FOR MOST OF US, HOWEVER, IT'S NOW JUST BECOME AN EMPTY RITUAL.
AND IF I MAY OFFER FOR A MOMENT, ONE'S PERSONAL OPINION, IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN. ONLY NOW HAVE WE BEEN FORCED INTO THIS SENSE OF AWARENESS.
ZERNOW
MUST BE DESTROYED.

DADDY, WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WELL, WORD AMONGST THE SOLDIERS WAS THAT EVERYONE WAS HOLED UP IN A RESEARCH STATION SOME FIFTY MILES NORTH OF HERE -- INSIDE AN OLD MINE IF THE STORY'S TRUE.
BUT MOM SAID THEY'D SHOOT YOU IF YOU WENT BACK.
NOT MY UNIT. THEY'LL HAVE NO IDEA WHO I AM.
BESIDES, IT'S NOT ABOUT ME. IT'S ABOUT GETTING YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE.
SHELLEY -- *MOM* -- LET YOU DOWN. SHE GAVE UP ON US BOTH. I PROMISE YOU THAT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.


HERE. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, DON'T HESITATE TO USE T
DAD --
IF YOU NEED TO, MAKE THE BULLETS COUNT SAFETY'S ON.
PLEASE. PLEASE STOP.
THANK YOU. THANK YOU, SIR. YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON I'VE SEEN FOR DAYS. THANK YOU SO MUCH.
YOU SHOULDN'T THANK US, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU --
LISA -- MY NAME'S LISA.
LISA -- WE'VE NO FOOD, AND WE'RE RUNNING ON EMPTY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO TELL YOU.
PLEASE SIR, PLEASE DON'T SAY THAT -- I'LL DO ANYTHING
I'LL SUCK YOUR COCK. YOU CAN FUCK ME ANY WAY YOU WANT. JUST PROMISE ME YOU'LL TAKE ME TO [redacted] OR YOU'RE HEADED

OH -- I THOUGHT YOU WERE ALONE I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A BOY WITH YOU.
A BEAUTIFUL BOY -- HEY LITTLE BOY!
OKAY WE'RE LEAVING --
ROMY!!!
BLAM!

NO!!!
THOK

WE SHOULD KILL HIM TOO
NO -- HE WAS OBVIOUSLY HEADED *SOMEWHERE*, RIGHT? WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHERE AND MAKE HIM TAKE US.
LIKE THAT'LL HAPPEN. WE KILLED HIS FUCKING KID!
I KNOW. I KNOW, BUT MAYBE HE'LL UNDERSTAND
WE'RE WAY BEYOND 'NOTHING'S PERSONAL' NOW SISTER
SHUT IT. HE'S COMING AROUND. LET ME TALK TO HIM.
JAMIE -- WHERE'S HE -- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY SON?!?
MISTER. WE'RE REALLY SORRY. WE'RE NOT BAD PEOPLE. WE'RE NOT EVIL. I SWEAR WE -- WE'RE JUST TRYING TO STAY ALIVE LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE
WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY BOY?!?

THE THEORY OF RIGHT AND WRONG NO LONGER HOLDS GROUND IN THIS WORLD. AS THE WALKING DEAD EXISTS SOLELY TO FEED, SO MUST WE. IN MANY WAYS, THERE IS NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN US AND THEM.
PERHAPS THAT IS WHY WE REMAIN SO AFRAID. NOT BECAUSE OF THEIR HORRIFIC FACES; NOT BECAUSE OF THE PHYSICAL DANGER THEY POSE TO US, BUT BECAUSE THEY'RE A MIRROR. WHAT THEY ARE TODAY, WE WILL INEVITABLY BECOME TOMORROW.
PERHAPS THIS IS ALSO THE ANSWER. FOR AS LONG AS THERE HAS BEEN AWARENESS, WE HAVE QUESTIONED THE VERY MEANING OF EXISTENCE. WHY ARE WE HERE?
IT'S A PUZZLE THAT CAN ONLY BE SOLVED BY FAITH -- A RESPONSE USELESS TO A SCIENTIST. JUST AS THERE IS NO REASON FOR US TO BE HERE, THERE IS EVEN LESS REASON AS TO WHY THE DEAD SHOULD RETURN.
ALL WE CAN ASSUME IS THAT THIS MASS-RESURRECTION HAS NO ORIGIN. IT IS SIMPLY AN EFFECT DEVOID OF A CAUSE -- HUMANS WRENCHED FROM WHATEVER MEANING THEY HAD GIVEN THEMSELVES.

WE HEARD THE STORY TOO, BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK. YOU'D THINK THE MILITARY WOULD WANT PEOPLE TO KNOW WHERE THEY ARE, RIGHT?
YOU'RE NOT PEOPLE
FUCK YOU! YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH -- NO FUCKING IDEA!
THE HUNGERS OF THE DEAD ARE ARTIFICIAL. THEY DESIRE FOOD, SUSTENANCE, YET THEY HAVE NO PHYSIOLOGICAL NEED FOR IT.
THEY WILL NOT STOP. THEY CANNOT BE SATISFIED. DESIRE DRAINED OF MEANING IS INSATIABLE
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!?

NO!!!
SCREECH!

NO --
NO --
AIEEE!!
WHEN LEFT TO THEIR OWN DEVICES THEY APPEAR CALM -- ALMOST DOCILE. IT IS ONLY THE SIGHT OF THE LIVING WHICH CAUSES THEM TO RAGE.

SHIT!!! BITCH --
THIS INSATIABILITY THAT DRIVES THEM IS A REMINDER OF HOW SEVERELY WE'VE BEEN DISEMBODIED FROM OUR OWN TRUE NATURES.
AS HUMANS, WE SHOULD HAVE THE POWER TO MAKE DECISIONS THAT DEFY COMMON SENSE. WE HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT TO BE WRONG.
WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO CAST SENSIBILITIES ASIDE AND FOLLOW OUR HEARTS.

DIE --
YOU FUCKING --
BITCH!!

AAAARGH!!!

OUR EXISTENCE IS MEANINGLESS. WITH THE DECEASED NOW WALKING THE STREETS, THEY'VE BROUGHT THEIR DEATH BACK WITH THEM, FORCING US TO LIVE IT.
WE DON'T STARE INTO THE ABYSS, BUT INTO THE MIRROR OF ABSURDITY.
ALL OF OUR ACTIVITY IS AS EMPTY AS THEIRS -- THE ILLUSION OF FAMILY; THE IRONY OF CONSUMPTION; THE FUTILITY OF AUTHORITY.
BUT STILL WE PREVAIL.
WE DESERT THE ROLES WE ONCE HAD, BUT IT IS NOT DUE TO COWARDICE. WHEN WE FLEE FROM THIS MEANINGLESS EXISTENCE WE ARE NEVER ANYTHING BUT DEFIANT.

FRANKENSTEIN, WE GOT YA FRESH MEAT! JUST HAULED DOWN FROM UPSTAIRS SO DON'T CUT THE FUCKER UP SO FAST
AND A TALL CUNT TOO! TOOK US A WHILE TO WRANGLE THIS STUPID FUCK!

YO, FRANKENSTEIN! LISTEN THE FUCK UP!
I'M LISTENING WITH MY EARS, STEEL. IF YOU HAVE DISCOVERED A NEW WAY OF DOING SO I'LL BE HAPPY TO DOCUMENT IT.
I DON'T THINK ANY LADY WILL WANT *YOUR* DICK ANYMORE — *HAHAHA!*

WHAT IS THIS SHIT, DOC?
TO THE BEST OF OUR ABILITIES WE IGNORED IT AT FIRST...
LOST IN THE SAFETY NET OF ESTABLISHED ROUTINE... HEH.
OBSESSED BY ALL THE LITTLE FUCKING THINGS..
THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MADE US HUMAN.

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